

Arlington Advocate.



CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1883.

NO. 31.

FALL RIVER LINE

-FOR-

New York,

SOUTH AND WEST.

PILGRIM and BRISTOL.

Connecting trains leave Boston from OLD COLONY DEPOT week days at 4.45, p. m. (Accommodation.) 6 p. m. SPECIAL EXPRESS, through to steamer at Fall River in 75 minutes. 7 p. m. Sundays.

Tickets and staterooms for sale at office of the Line, 3 Old State House, and at Old Colony Station.

J. R. KENDRICK, General Manager.

L. H. PALMER, Agent, 3 Old State House.

FREIGHT.

This line has a fleet of steamers engaged exclusively in the freight service, thus insuring prompt and reliable movement. Rates as low as other lines.

20 July

Pasturing for Horses.

I have good pastures at Arlington Heights or East Lexington, with

Plenty of Shade,

Good Water,

upland and lowland. I see all horses daily, but take them at risk of owners.

Price \$2.00 a week.

Also colts or vicious horses broken. Sick or lame horses treated scientifically. Horses bought and sold.

F. ALDERMAN.

Telephone No. 6830.

H. L. ALDERMAN,
Veterinary Surgeon.
P. O. address, East Lexington, Box 1.

111 Main

Smith

& CO.'S

Lexington and Boston Express.

BOSTON OFFICE, 35 Court Square. Order
Box 111, Lexington, 43 Faneuil Hall Market. Of-
fice at Lexington, Lexington Cash Store. Office
at East Lexington, at Post Office and at R. W.
Holbrook's.

AD FURNITURE MOVING. 1/2d/25

New Store.

Grocery on Pleasant Street, ARLINGTON.

CHOICE SELECTION

STAPLE and FANCY

GROCERIES

Next Door to Pleasant St. Market.

PEARSON'S

Arlington Wheat Biscuit,

Evaporated Apple and Peach,

Canned Goods in Variety.

Give us a call and see store and goods.

CASSIUS M. HALL.

FAMILIES

Wishing for BROWN BREAD and BEANS, can have these left at their houses by leaving their orders at the Arlington Bakery.

Land for Sale.

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, easy of access. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

ARTHUR O. GOTTL

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Post Office Building,

ARLINGTON. MASS.

I am prepared to give you as fine watch work as can be had in the state, including advertising fine watches to heat, cold and isochronism.

ASA COTTRELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Master in Chancery & Notary Public.

Take acknowledgment of Deeds and affidavits to be used in other states, and admits to bail in civil and criminal cases.

57 TROWBRIDGE, BOSTON.

Next door to Boston Church, Main Street, in LEXINGTON.

A. P. SMITH,

Receiver of

Fine Butter.

Arlington every Monday, Persons do-

ing business of their own may buy

any quantity.

Not to be sold to persons who buy

any quantity.

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KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of '63, sir, Conrad had gone away—
Gone to the country town, sir, to sell our first load
of hay.
We lived in the log-house yonder—poor, as ever
you've seen;
Once there was a baby, and I was only nine-
teen.
Conrad he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky
Belle;
How now, we thought of Kentuck I couldn't begin
to tell.
Came from the Blue Grass country; my father
gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the
Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know;
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on,
row after row.

The old folks made me welcome—they were kind

as kind could be

But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Ten-
nessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a
hill,
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never
is still;
But the level land went stretching away to meet the
sky—
Never a rise from north to south to rest the weary
eye.

From east to west no river to shine out under the
moon,

Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon,

Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out all
around,

Only the rustle, rustle, as I walked among the
corn.

When I fell sick with pining we didn't wait any
more,

But we were away from the corn lands out to this
river shore;

The Tennessee's it's called, sir—off there's a hill,
you see,

And now I've learned to like it next best to the Ten-
nessee!

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding
like mad.

Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Roux's
little lad.

Bareback he rode, he had no hat, he barely stopped
to say,

"Morgan's men are coming, Frau, they are gallop-
ing up this way."

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile
behind." He swept up all the horses, every horse that he
can find;

Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible
men

With bowie-knives and pistols are galloping up the
glen!"

The lad rode down the valley and I stood still at
the door.

The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools
on the floor,

Kentuck was out in the pasture, Conrad, my man,
was gone,

Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, gallop-
ing on!

Sudden I picked up baby and ran to the pasture
bar,

"Kentuck!" I called, "Kentucky!" She knew me
ever so far,

I led her down to the gully that turns off there
the right,

And tied her there to the bushy, her head was just
out of sight.

As I ran back the log-house, at once there came
a sound,

The sound of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling
over the ground,

Coming into the turnpike out from the White
Woman Glen.

Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible
men.

As near they drew, and nearer, my heart beat fast
in alarm.

But still I stood in the doorway with baby on my
arm,

They came; they passed; with spur and whip in
haste they sped along,

Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and his band six hun-
dred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding by night and
by day,

Pressing on east to the river, many long miles
away,

To the border strip where Virginia runs up into the
west,

And forcing the Upper Ohio before they could stop
to rest.

As I ran back the log-house, at once there came
a sound,

The sound of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling
over the ground,

Coming into the turnpike out from the White
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Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and his band six hun-
dred strong.

Only sixteen he was, sir, a fond mother's only son;

Off and away with Morgan before his life had been;

The blood drops stood on his temples, drawn as

his boistous mouth,

And I thought of the mother waiting down in
the South.

Oh! I placed he was to the backbone, sir, and clear
grieth through and through;

Bowed and brayed like a trooper, but the big
words wouldn't do—

The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain can
be,

When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew
his hand.

Frightened I was to death, sir, I scarce dared look
in his face

As he asked for a drink of water and glanced about
the place.

I gave him a cup, and he smiled—"twas only a boy,
you see;

Painted and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed
on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir, a fond mother's only son;

Off and away with Morgan before his life had been;

The blood drops stood on his temples, drawn as

his boistous mouth,

"Do you know the Blue Grass country?" he wistful
began to say;

Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead
away.

"She has told you about it, I suppose?" said he, in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two

thousand dollars was a large sum for

him to accumulate in his little busi-

ness. The loss of it would make the

future look like a desert to him. It

would be a misfortune which one must

undergo to appreciate it.

"What passed between you on that
day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his

office—it was only the day before

yesterday—to tell him not to forget to

have the money for me by to-morrow.

He took me into his back office, and as

I sat there he said he would get the

money ready the next day. He then

left me and went into the front office,

where I heard him send George out

to the bank to draw a check for two

thousand dollars; so I supposed he

was going to pay me then."

A bold ride and a long ride, but they were taken at

They had almost reached the river by galloping hard
and fast.

But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they

gained the ford.

And Morgan, Morgan, the raider, laid down his ter-
rible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against
his will.

But he was too weak to follow, and lay there pale
and still.

When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear

But I staid down to that gully and fetched up Ken-
tucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead, my pretty, gentle
lady.

She said that she'd be happy back in old Blue
Grass—out of Conrad's with all the money I

had lost.

And Kentucky, pretty Kentucky, I gave to that
worn-out lad.

I pointed him to the southward as well as I knew

how to.

Wearing off, with many thanks and many a
backward bow;

And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to
sink.

And then, sad, ev'ry the west, my last Ken-
tucky Belle.

When Conrad was in the evening the moon was

up,

And the stars were crying—I couldn't tell them

what they said;

And then the last of what gray was hanging on

And a poor, old horse with drooping head stood in
Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind and never once said a harsh

word. I knew I couldn't help it—twas all for the

Tennessee.

And when the war was over just think what came
to pass:

A letter, sir, and the two were safe back in the old

Blue Grass!

The lad had got across the border riding Kentucky

Belle, And Kentucky she was thriving and fat and hearty

and well,

He'd cared for her and kept her, nor touched her
with whip or spur—

Ah, we've had many horses since, but never a horse

like her!

—Constance F. Woolson.

THE STOLEN NOTE.

Except that he indulged too freely in the use of the intoxicating cup, John Wallace was an honest, high-minded and extraordinary man. His one great fault hung like a dark shadow over his many virtues. He meant well, and when he was sober he did well.

He was a hatter by trade, and by industry and thrift he had secured money enough to buy the house in which he lived. He had purchased it several years before for \$3,000, paying \$1,000 down, and securing the balance by mortgage to the seller.

The mortgage was almost due at the time circumstances made me acquainted with the affairs of the family. But Wallace was ready for the day; he had saved up the money; there seemed to be no possibility of an accident. I was well acquainted with Wallace, having done some little collecting and drawn up legal documents for him. One day his daughter Annie came to my office in great distress, declaring that her father was ruined, and that they should be turned out of the house in which they lived.

"Perhaps not, Miss Wallace," said I, trying to console her, and give the affair, whatever it was, a bright aspect. "What has happened?"

"My father," she replied, "had the money to pay the mortgage on the house in which we live, but it is all gone now."

"Has he lost it?"

"I don't know. I suppose so. Last week he drew two thousand dollars from the bank and lent it to Mr. Bryce for ten days."

"Who is Mr. Bryce?"

"He is a broker. My father got acquainted with him through George Chandler, who boards with us, and who is Mr. Bryce's clerk."

"Does Mr. Bryce refuse to pay it?"

"He says he has paid it."

"Well, what is the trouble, then?"

"Father says he has not paid it."

"Indeed! But the note will prove that he has paid it. Of course, you have the note?"

"No. Mr. Bryce has it."

"Then, of course, he has paid it?"

"I suppose he has, or he could not have the note."

"What does your father say?"

"He is positive that he never received the money. The mortgage, he says, must be paid to-morrow."

"Very singular! Was your father—"

I hesitated to use the unpleasant word, which must have grated harshly on the ear of the devoted girl.

"Mr. Bryce says father was not quite right when he paid him, but not very bad."

"I will see your father."

"He is coming here in a few moments; I thought I would see you first and tell you the facts before he came."

"I do not see how Bryce could have obtained the note unless he paid the money. Where did your father keep it?"

"He gave it to me, and I put it in the secretary."

"Who was in the room when you put it in the secretary?"

"Mr. Bryce, George Chandler, my father and myself."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Wallace. He looked pale and haggard, as much from the effects of anxiety as from the debauch from which he was recovering.

"She has told you about it, I suppose?" said he, in a very low tone.

"She has."

I pitied him, poor fellow, for two thousand dollars was a large sum for him to accumulate in his little business. The loss of it would make the future look like a desert to him. It would be a misfortune which one must undergo to appreciate it.

"What passed between you on that day?"

"Well, I merely stepped into his office—it was only the day before yesterday—to tell him not to forget to have the money for me by to-morrow.

He took me into his back office, and as I sat there he said he would get the money ready the next day. He then left me and went into the front office,

where I heard him send George out to the bank to draw a check for two thousand dollars; so I supposed he was going to pay me then."

"What does the clerk say about it?"

"He says Mr. Bryce remarked when he sent him that he was going to pay me the money."

"Just so."

"And when George came in he went into the front office again and took the money. Then he came to me again and did not offer to pay me the money."

FASHION NOTES.

The fever for white hats continues. Buttons imitating buckles are in use.

Gray is the favored color for riding habits.

White plumes and tips are in constant demand.

Plaited lace in all widths is used in great abundance.

Leafless roses are extravagantly used as bonnet garniture.

Flower epaulets vie with ribbon bows for the shoulder.

Very handsome French jet is again in favor for rich costumes.

Large sailor hats are considered in keeping with blouse waists.

Short pelerines with long tab-like ends in front are much worn.

Low shoes, tied across the instep, are worn with black stockings.

Overdresses of Persian material are in good taste and much admired.

Embroidered gauze is employed for trimming handsome morning and mountain hats.

Most of the white dresses for morning wear are made with baby waists and sash backs.

White moire trimmed with bands of white shirred tulle is popular for ball dresses for young ladies.

Russian-gray dresses of cheviot trimmed with narrow crimson velvet ribbon are fashionable for wearing to the races.

Rough-and-ready straws, trimmed with straw flowers and braid, are the most substantial hats for children for school wear.

Little gypsy hats of dark blue or deep yellow straw, trimmed with a cluster of wild flowers, are very pretty for morning wear.

Swallows are fashion's favorites in Paris. They adorn bonnets by twos and threes; they are embroidered on dresses and parasols, painted on ornaments and stamped on buttons.

Flower necklets or dog-collars of small roses, apple blossoms, forget-me-nots, pansies or daisies make a pretty and tasteful heading for a deep lace frill or collarette, but they are suitable only for evening wear.

The traveling cloak for young ladies' summer journeys is a cheviot Newmarket, closely fitted from neck to foot, with checks of mingled ecru, garnet, brown and olive. There is a pointed hood with garnet silk lining.

India mull is the bride's dress of this season. The trains are made to fall in a Watteau plait from the shoulders, and the veil is of tulle, the wreath and garnitures of orange blossoms, buds and much green foliage.

Clusters of three-jet beads, strung together like a three-leaved clover, make a pretty finish to the edges of the basque, neck and sleeves of the black silk or grenadines dresses. Dull jet beads are used in the same way on black nub's veiling dresses for ladies in mourning.

A tucker of plain white lawn shirred across, with two soft puffs around the neck, fills the pointed or square openings of dress waists; two puffs also edge the sleeves. If embroidery is preferred it is flat inside the open space, and there are two standing frills around the neck.

The World's Gold and Silver.

The subjoined statement will exhibit the production of the precious metals throughout the world in 1882, carefully compiled from the most authentic sources:

AMERICA.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Alaska.....	\$100,000	\$50,000	\$150,000
British Col.	4,000,000	100,000	5,100,000
China.....	20,000,000	44,000,000	64,000,000
Mexico.....	600,000	24,000,000	24,600,000
Guatemala.....	600,000	400,000	1,000,000
Honduras.....	900,000	160,000	350,000
San Salvador.....	300,000	300,000	600,000
Nicaragua.....	200,000	175,000	375,000
Costa Rica.....	150,000	160,000	310,000
Colombia.....	600,000	260,000	860,000
Venezuela.....	925,000	135,000	350,000
Guiana.....	175,000	100,000	275,000
Brazil.....	850,000	450,000	1,300,000
Bolivia.....	100,000	8,000,000	8,100,000
Chili.....	600,000	750,000	1,350,000
Argentine Rep.	500,000	400,000	900,000
Patagonia.....	100,000	90,000	190,000
Oth. countries.....	100,000	50,000	150,000
Totals..... 1, 000,000	\$82,250,000	\$123,200,000	

EUROPE.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Russia.....	\$50,000,000	\$500,000	\$51,500,000
Austria.....	1,500,000	225,000	1,725,000
Prussia.....	1,000,000	275,000	1,275,000
France.....	175,000	400,000	575,000
Spain.....	225,000	2,000,000	2,225,000
Oth. countries.....	100,000	400,000	500,000
Totals..... 1, 000,000	\$83,000,000	\$2,800,000	\$86,000,000

ASIA.			
Countries.	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Japan.....	\$600,000	\$2,000,000	\$2,600,000
Borneo.....	500,000	525,000	1,025,000
China.....	700,000	475,000	1,175,000
Archipelago.....	900,000	8,000,000	8,900,000
Totals..... 1, 000,000	\$6,000,000	\$9,000,000	\$15,000,000

The annual product of the precious metals attained its acme in 1853, since which date the annual product of gold has decreased one-half, while that of silver has doubled.

The Annamese Court of Appeals.

The law courts of Annam seem to be as numerous and complicated as those of the most civilized community; but, if a plaintiff fails to obtain redress in any of them, having tried them all in due order, there remains for him the following simple expedient: He proceeds to the court of appeal, or *Tain Phap*, a building lying close to the outer walls—where he finds hanging to a door a gong with its stick attached. On this he strikes three heavy blows and then a number of softer ones, whereupon an attendant appears, and says, with a magisterial tone of voice, "What do you ask for?" "Justice," replies the plaintiff, handing in his response. "You shall have it," is the response, and we are assured that the *Tain Phap* is generally as good as the word of its representative.—*London Times*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Salt was first made at Syracuse by white men in the year 1783, when the annual product was 100 barrels; in 1880 it was 1,600,000 barrels.

Prince Leopold, of Bavaria, who has done some hard work in the domain of comparative anatomy, is about to publish a memoir on the tongue, which will command attention.

On the railroads of England and Wales there were in 1881 about 2,263 inhabitants for every locomotive, as against 2,607 in 1871, and there were 1,017 inhabitants for every passenger car, as compared with 1,282 in 1861.

Drs. Mitchell and Reichert find that the full-grown lizard will bite and cause a wound that may prove fatal. Unlike that of other reptiles, its saliva is alkaline, not acid. A little injected into a pig on caused the death of the bird (which was long, fat and plump) in less than nine minutes.

Writing from British Columbia to *Forest and Stream*, J. C. Hughes says: "Pigs upon the clear-water rivers learn to dive after the salmon lying dead on the bottom of the streams, and the interesting sight may be witnessed of a sow diving for a salmon, and having obtained it, taking it ashore for her little ones."

Jute culture promises to become one of the most important industries of the South. In a special report prepared by Professor S. Waterhouse, and published by the department of agriculture at Washington, it is stated that in 1870 importations of jute amounted to 19,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that jute can be produced for three cents per pound, and the finer fiber for eight cents.

It appears from statistics that there are in the world no less than 3,985 paper mills, producing yearly 959,000 tons of paper made from all substances, including rags, straw and alfa. About one half the quantity is printed upon; and of these 476,000 tons, about 300,000 tons are used by newspapers. The various governments consume in official business 100,000 tons; schools, 90,000 tons; commerce, 120,000 tons; industry, 90,000 tons; and private correspondence another 90,000 tons. The paper trade employs 192,000 hands, including women and children.

Witchcraft in England.

A correspondent of the London *Times* says: There is no need to go to West Prussia for witchcraft toward the end of the nineteenth century. In a parish near where the counties of Devon, Dorset and Somerset meet, a young man, being afflicted with scrofula, which caused at times contraction of the muscles of the right thigh and very considerable pain, formed the idea that a poor, delicate woman living next door, wife of a laborer and mother of several children, had bewitched him, and one day, in his agony, rushed into her house with a large sewing needle and *before the woman had time to think*, scratched her severely in the neck and in four places on her bare arm, drawing blood in each instance, and then rubbed his hand on the blood and ran off. The poor woman came to me to complain, showing the scratches, and I advised her to take out a summons before the justices; but time passed. The young man, as usual, felt relieved of his pains for a time, and his mother, a widow occupying a few acres of land with cows and pigs, tried to assure me that drawing the blood cured her son, for she considered the other woman had "overlooked" him. This happened some months ago, and I need hardly add that the young man has been several times since periodically similarly afflicted.

Hot Weather Hints.

The best use to put the day of rest is by taking a rest, and giving one to other people.

It is well to remember that clothes were not invented until some time after bodies were manufactured; they were intended for comfort, not to add to human misery; and the worst-looking dress is that which appears to make the wearer thereof uncomfortable.

Instead of driving and tearing about in the heat, and getting crushed to jelly in a crowd of people making each other miserable, better find a cool spot and stick to it.

Shun liquid abominations, from lemonade at a cent a glass to fusil oil and Jersey lightning; the best is none too good for anybody.

Keep out of the streets as much as possible; it is all they are fit for.

Better swim in an ocean of water than put yourself outside a gallon of beer or anything else; water has remarkable ablutionary properties, and there is health and fun, as well as fishes, in it.

Moderation is an excellent tonic, provided one does not take too much of it.

Religion is like ice in midsummer; it keeps things wonderfully; it makes one comfortable, and keeps one cool when other things fail; it is well to replenish the stock once a week at least.—*New York Star*.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Philosophy of Manuring.

M. Landreau, says a foreign authority, describes the results of the action of those farmers in the north of France who return to the soil all that remains after separating the sugar from the beet. Pure sugar, being composed of only carbon and the elements of water, is obtained by the plant ent. rely at the expense of the atmosphere, with the carbonic acid and water which it supplies. Therefore land may be cropped for sugar for an indefinite length of time without exhaustion, provided everything else but the sugar is returned to it. The beet plant, as a whole, exhausts the soil upon which it grows, as does the sugar-cane, taking away certain mineral compounds that must somehow be returned, in order that it shall retain its undiminished fitness for this particular crop. This is so simple and self-evident that it scarcely appears possible that it need be taught to those who are interested in the subject. Nevertheless the want of a knowledge of this simple principle has nearly ruined some of the West Indian sugar plantations. The old practice was to use the canes as fuel in boiling down the syrup, and the ashes of these canes (i. e., the purely mineral matters which they had obtained from the soil)—were left to be washed away by the rains, when, by simply spreading them on the soil, they would have supplied, in the most concentrated possible form, just the manure which the soil demanded for the particular business of sugar growing. But we need not go so far as the West Indies to discover manifestations of this particular form of ignorance. In an ordinary garden, especially an amateur or ornamental garden, the amount of crop actually taken away for use forms a very small fraction of the total weight of the vegetable matter growing on the ground. Such a garden, once fairly started, demands no more than a restitution of the mineral matter contained in the crop consumed, provided all the weeds and all the unused stalks and leaves are honestly returned to the soil from which they were taken. I have had more than twenty years' experience in amateur gardening—mainly utilitarian—have moved about a good deal and thus have cultivated many different gardens. All have been remarkable for their abundant crops, though I have never purchased a single load of manure, while my neighbors have carted in ton after ton and obtained smaller edible crops than mine. I do not even waste the ammonia and agricultural fuel of my weeds by burning them, but bury them whole and with them the pea stalks, bean stalks, cabbage stalks, etc., etc. Thus buried they undergo during the winter slow combustion, warm the soil and supply it with humus, at the same time giving up their ammoniacal salts to this humus and to the absorbent alumina of the clay, which supply it in the summer to the succeeding crops. These weeds, etc., with the addition of the vegetable refuse of a small household and the well-burned coal ashes—i. e., the mineral matter of fossil vegetation—I have found sufficient to maintain and increase the fertility of a kitchen garden and orchard covering more than an acre. At the same time I see the gardeners employed by neighbors wheeling away barrow loads of weeds to pitch them on waste ground, if any is at hand, and the dustman carrying away cartloads of expensive and offensive manure are brought to the same doors from which far better material was thrown away the day before. Stable manure and cattle stall manure are especially valuable for farm lands, simply because they carry back to the hay field and the oat field precisely that which has been taken away. But the salts removed by garden weeds differ materially from those contained in hay and straw litter or oats and horse beans, and thus the unscientific gardener who uses these requires at least half a ton to be as effective as one hundred weight of the decayed produce of the garden itself.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Buttermilk, with a little meal added, is excellent for fattening pigs. For calves it should be mixed with oatmeal. It should not, however, be given to very young calves.

For the same weight of dry food sheep will produce nearly twice as much manure as pigs. The greater consumption of food by the pig counterbalances its lower rate of manure production.

Mulch your newly planted fruit trees. It keeps down weeds, and by holding the moisture will prevent injury from drought. Straw, of course, makes the best mulch. Coarse hay, leaves and sawdust are all good.

The fat on a cow known to be a large and rich milker will most likely come from the cream pot during the season. It is never safe to buy a milk cow in poor condition, as she will require heavy feeding, or make poor thin milk.

Cut grass when in bloom, and it will make more nutritive hay than if cut later. The amount of water has diminished, and therefore shrinkage will be less. In late-cut hay the increased fiber makes it more indigestible.

As soon as onions show signs of maggot work, pull the affected ones by the roots, and carry them from the field. Children can do this work, and many onions can thus be saved, as no worm can destroy more than a single onion.

Cut grass or clover for the hogs that are confined. Parsley, a very succulent weed, is greedily devoured by them. Green food keeps them healthy and makes them fatten faster. A diet solely of corn is too heating and predisposes them to disease.

But the relic hunter had silently stolen away before she could finish the response.

A million bricks a week are made in Albany.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Arlington Advocate

OFFICE

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

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Arlington, August 3d, 1883.

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VACATION SCRIBBLINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

A friend of mine having business at Morris Plains and inviting me to go with him, I have had the pleasure of a ride through the beautiful and picturesque country lying between Caldwell and Morristown. It is splendid farming land the whole way, the valleys liberally supplied with streams (we counted seven bridges in going twelve miles) while the uplands and hillsides were in many places covered with growths of heavy wood and timber. I have rarely traveled through a more pleasantly diversified country of hill and dale than I have found in Morris and Essex Counties during this brief vacation trip. My friend's objective point was the famous State Asylum for the Insane, at Morristown, the erection of which was commenced about ten years ago. The buildings stand upon a broad plateau, about two miles from the city of Morristown, and the view from this elevation in any direction is inspiring. Approached from the depot at Morris Plains, the buildings burst upon the vision, presenting a grand and imposing appearance. The buildings are of granite, with sandstone trimmings, three stories high, with numerous cupolas and towers, and as they are nearly one mile in circumference, one may well speak of them as grand. From the report handed me by the superintendent, Dr. H. A. Buttolph, LL. D., to whom I had a note of introduction from Hon. Geo. A. Halley, of Newark, I learn the asylum sheltered during the last year 810 inmates. This also gives a good idea of its size. A walk through the various wards revealed the most perfect arrangements for the care of patients, and elegances and conveniences I had not thought of finding in such a place. The amusement room, with its fixed stage, drop curtain, foot lights, etc., was perfect in all its details, and the chapel which adjoins it (both being on the third story) was a marvel of convenience and good taste. The organ, in rear of pulpit platform, was of good capacity, and everything about the room was suggestive of devotional exercises. In each ward through which I passed there were reception rooms, with piano, etc., and a billiard table on each floor was one of the many forms of amusement arranged for the patients. I spent two hours at the asylum, enjoyed its hospitality, and went away with the firm conviction that New Jersey has occasion to be proud of her Insane Asylum, and reason for the claim that its equal does not exist in this country. I would gratefully acknowledge the courtesies of Edwin E. Smith, M. D., the assistant physician, and Miss Mary Tabor, the matron.

The unpretentious old rain known as Washington Market, located between Vesey and Fulton streets in one direction and Greenwich and West on the other, is once more condemned, and one must visit it quickly who wishes to know how disgracefully shabby a building New York as a city has been able to tolerate. It comprises a world of temporary sheds, thrown together, without order, around one common centre which has a somewhat pretentious tower, and yet for years it has been one of the world's principal markets for fresh meats, — New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and a hundred smaller cities and towns having drawn their supplies from it,—and its rent roll is enormous; yet all the while it has been merely an immense shed, so badly arranged that any one but a topographical engineer who carried his instruments with him, could lose himself within two minutes after entering any door or gate. The rebuilding will be done by sections, somewhat after the manner in which Fulton Market was reconstructed, and the interior arrangements of the new structure, no matter what they may be, cannot help being more convenient to the dealers and less annoying to the public than were those of the old building. If any one but the rats is sorry for the change he has not yet been heard from.

Every paper in this section has had something to say about Tewksbury and the investigating committee's report. Most of them have taken the allegations of the Governor in his address to the committee or his inaugural, and

accepting them as facts proved, go on to defame the Old Bay State. A refreshing exception is the following paragraph from the leading article in Monday's Newark Advertiser, entitled "Tewksbury Politics."

"Now that the final reports have been made by the Committee to the Massachusetts Legislature on the condition of the Tewksbury Asylum and its management, we find that Governor Butler has managed his case badly, such as it was. Any man who can call himself fairly an observant publicist knows that most of these essayed reforms of public institutions are not best done as political measures, and in the end have no effect upon popular political action. It is only a fool who charges a brutality in a public institution to partisan sources, or sees where he can make any reward for himself except through the satisfaction of having remedied the evil. Every Governor has a chance to do that during every year, for there is no house, however well defended, but has its daily fault, constantly recurring, and of course constantly open to criticism. But it is a fact that we read every day of brutalities outside of asylums which, taking the same population, give the largest number of cases of man's inhumanity to man."

The prospect of the approaching peach trade is now beginning to attract attention. One of the largest New York dealers who has just returned from the peach growing districts of Delaware and Maryland estimates that the crop will be about two-thirds in quantity of last year's crop, but that the quality will be almost twenty-five per cent. better, unless warm rains during the peaching season should rot the fruit.

My first sight seeing, on coming to New York, was the famous bridge joining the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and when I slowly strolled through its arches and along the easy walk, I thought it would be the first subject for my pen when a disposition to write came over me; but really words would not come to me that conveyed an idea of the grandeur of the structure, whether viewed from either of its shapely approaches, or taken in perspective from the broad sweep of the bay or East River, so almost every thing else has been written about, save this. Through a long series of years I have watched its growth or development, my occasional visits to New York enabling me to keep an intelligent connection with the earlier inspections of the structure and its completion, and few people have a higher appreciation of its beauty as a whole, or of its commercial value, or rejoice more heartily at its completion. Calling at the office of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., the most successful advertising agents of this country, on the morning of my walk across the bridge, I had the pleasure of meeting the senior partner, but recently returned from another extended European tour, and was pleased to hear him name the bridge as one of the wonders of the world, far eclipsing in beauty and grandeur anything he had seen in his travels in the old world. It is not my purpose to speak of the details of this triumph of modern engineering skill,—these are the materials for encyclopedias rather than editorial scratches,—but to speak enthusiastically in its praise and to pay a tribute to the enterprise which first planned, applaud the energy which awakened enthusiasm in the people of two cities, and congratulate the patient endurance which no hindrance could tire, that has achieved the most complete successes.

I have viewed the bridge from a variety of angles, and the graceful sweep of its gigantic cables and the counterpoise of the roadways preserve the perfection of graceful curves at every point of vision. But it is at night when the long rows of electric lights shine out against a darkened sky, that the fullness of its beauty stands revealed, so that it is instinctively crowned as a grand triumph of human skill and readily accorded a place as one of the wonders of the world. It hangs lightly over the river like a great web spread to catch the riches of a world, and as men are seen daily along the slopes of the guys, fastening them together with binding wires and covering them with a coat of paint, the illusion seems almost a reality, and that busy insects were still active in spinning a gigantic web in mid heavens. I hope my figure will never be reversed and the great bridge again prove a trap to catch men and kill them.

Although thrown open to the public on Memorial Day, (a sad opening it proved to many) and since that time used by foot passengers and conveyances, the details are not all completed, and the cars are not yet in running order. They are to be run by an endless cable from an engine stationed at the Brooklyn terminus, and large gauges of workmen are employed hastening this work to completion. The N. Y. terminus is all finished, but on the opposite side much in the way of bridges, landings, etc., for passengers by cars, remains to be done. There is a certain degree of uncertainty in regard to these matters on the Brooklyn side, owing to the conflicting interests of merchants and others in the city of churches.

Col. Roebling, son of the original engineer of the bridge, who took the

first place on the board of engineers, on the death of his father, a few years ago, lost his health in prosecuting the work of construction, and for a long time has been a confirmed invalid, confined to the house, only able to view and direct the work of construction from the windows of his sick room. Now that the bridge is completed, Col. Roebling retires from the position of chief engineer. Into his retirement he carries with him renewed expressions of admiration, not merely for the skill of which the bridge itself is the sufficient witness, but for the extraordinary zeal and persistence with which he has directed the work from his sick room, and for the integrity which has marked its progress. The rumors of jobbery which prevailed during the work of construction were most painful, and the emphatic contradiction which Mr. Hewitt, on his personal responsibility, gave them at the dedication ceremonies was most grateful, because it was evident that they imputed connivance in the jobbery of politicians to the chief engineer, without whose collusion fraud, on any considerable scale, was out of the question. Col. Roebling retires with his honor unstained and with his genius fully appreciated.

As was the case of the great bridge, so with New York's most popular summer resort,—it has taken me a long time to think what to write, and I hardly know now what to select from the great mass of recollections of evenings spent there. Coney Island seems to me like the city's great breathing apparatus, and thoroughly used if not perfectly healthy lungs it certainly is. Scores have described the attractions and novelties to me; one newspaper correspondent after another has written of its peculiarities and extolled it as a health restoring place; the art of the sketcher and wood engraver have contributed of their skill to portray what it offers,—and yet I am frank to say I had no appreciation of either the extent or variety of its attractions. Extending miles along the beach of the island are pavilions, cafes, hotels, theatres, dance halls and shows of every kind, while stretching far out into the ocean are the famous iron and wooden piers at which the steamboats land. This is specially true at what is called West Brighton (the original "Coney Island Hotels" are located here), where the great masses congregate and surge on Sundays and holidays, and the fun often runs fast and furious, thanks to the ocean of beer which here flows like a torrent. The most marked feature of this locality is the tower, 300 feet high, lighted at night with strong electric lights, from which a magnificent view is obtained of the country and old ocean for 50 miles around.

A nickle will carry the tourist in either hack or barge to the "Brighton," the next point of interest, at the termini of the Brighton Beach R. R., by which Brooklynites reach the resort in twenty minutes. Stretching hundreds of feet along the shore, considerable distance from the beach, rising three stories high, surmounted with numerous high towers, and surrounded with the widest of broad verandas, this enormous caravansari affords shelter and amusement to other thousands of pleasure seekers who enjoy best the restful quiet it affords. Directly in front are seats for the many thousands gathering afternoons and evenings to listen to the music by the band. The band stand is shaped like the bell of some vast wind instrument, so that the full effect of the most delicate passages are thrown out with precision on the open air, and easily caught up by the listeners. Thousands of gas jets twinkle and shine, while the great electric lights flash out in all directions, almost rivaling the glare of the sun and making it almost light as day. To me it was a marvellous and enchanting scene, but it was also a picture that words cannot paint. Going on from here by means of the beach railroad,—fare five cents—the great Manhattan Hotel is reached, where the attractive and effects of Brighton are repeated on a still more gigantic scale. This hotel is the terminus of the "Manhattan Beach, R. R." which, by means of reduced fares, and some other specialties, has succeeded in drawing the great mass of travel during this season. A splendid pyrotechnic display named the "Siege of Alexandria," has been the attraction at this point each evening so far, at the conclusion of the early evening concert, and fully 5000 people witness it three evenings in the week, at 25 cents each. On the alternate evenings, magnificent displays are given at the Brighton.

A mile beyond Manhattan is a magnificent pile, covering more ground and rising higher than any other building on the shore, called the "Oriental," devoted exclusively to the entertainment of families, where there is no music or other artificial means of amusement, sought by those who deem rest and seclusion the highest style of vacation pleasure. Still on comes the famous Rockaway Beach, with its surf bathing, and numberless attractions.

This store is also stocked with an unusually full line of Glass, Crockery, Stone, Earthen and Wooden Ware, together with Brooms, Brusher Mats, Pails, Tubes; a great variety of Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, etc. Goods delivered free of charge.

On our return trip from New York we made a tarry of a few hours at Fall River, it being our first opportunity to visit this only port of entry for Bristol County. Many naturally connect it with the famous "Fall River line to New York," and think of it in connection, perchance, we were of that number, we know better now, for we spent our time pleasantly there, and, with the aid of carriage and street cars, looked upon a vast mass of accumulated wealth and over a beautiful landscape. An immense pond within its borders, and its location on the Taunton river, had led to the entertaining of the idea that water power was largely used in the forty or fifty immense cotton mills located in Fall River, but steam power only is used. The Custom House and Post Office is an elegant new building of granite, the City Hall and Public Library are large and imposing, built of the same material, though of a much more ancient style, and there are many other noticeable buildings in different sections of the city which speak of large wealth if nothing else. The mills, whose spindles aggregate more than 1,500,000 we are told, are mostly built of granite, and are imposing as regards size. We had time to call only at the office of the Fall River News (daily and weekly) and on the editor of the Advance, though there are several other daily and weekly papers. Both heartily desire influences to make this conservative and clannish city "advance" to a position in keeping with its wealth and population. It is a "city set on a hill" in the fullest sense, and the westward view out upon the bay is full of beauty, while the panorama opened to the vision from the eastern hills is none the less charming. We left the city with a pleasant remembrance of the time spent there which still remains with us.

Watertown's rate of taxation is \$11.25 on \$1000.

The article copied week before last from Roxbury Advocate was, by mistake, credited to the Gazette.

The long contest in the N. H. Legislature is ended with the election of Hon. Austin Pike as U. S. Senator for the coming term of six years.

Several of our exchanges name Hon. Geo. D. Robinson as the Republican candidate for Governor. We could support him cordially and heartily.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, is busily engaged in his laboratory in Washington in electrical experiments. Professor Bell says there are already more than 500,000 telephones in use in this country.

The ending of the third week of the telegrapher's strike finds the companies doing their work fairly well with the aid of defections secured from the strikers' ranks; but the mass of the men and women remain firm and it looks now like a narrowing down to a question of endurance.

The larger portion of the "Scribblings" appearing this week were forwarded for last week's issue, but they were crowded out by better matter. They are used to fill up this week. Next week we shall expect to be in complete trim for business, fully rested from the fatigues of "vacation season."

The paper furnished our readers last week was the best possible proof of the completeness of our equipment for any emergency. As the editor-in-chief scanned its newsy columns during his enjoyable trip from Coney Island to Long Branch, he felt proud of "the boys" who had made such a complete success of running a newspaper.

Rev. Dr. Ireneus Prime, writing from Williamstown, where he recently met Gen. Butler, says: "Gov. Butler is very stout, corpulent; one of his eyelids droops so low as to almost hide the eye; his motions are sluggish and apparently irresolute, and with his physique it is hard to associate the energy, impetuosity, courage, audacity, and executive ability which his life displays."

The Republican State Committee is receiving congratulations on its initiatory work of organizing for the campaign of 1883. The time for the State Convention is well chosen; it leaves six weeks for the canvass after the nominations shall have been made. The last State Committee had practically settled the question as to the place of meeting, and in Boston there is certain to be a large convention, with more of the business men of the State as delegates than could be brought together elsewhere. The selection of Col. Codman for chairman will prove satisfactory to all Republicans. The purpose of this committee to leave the choice of candidates to the convention is regarded as an evidence that it will thoroughly do its appropriate work, and interfere with nothing else. The meeting was harmonious, and the reports made from different parts of the State were of an encouraging character. The initiatory steps of the campaign have been judiciously taken.

This store is also stocked with an unusually full line of Glass, Crockery, Stone, Earthen and Wooden Ware, together with Brooms, Brusher Mats, Pails, Tubes; a great variety of Fancy Articles, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, etc. Goods delivered free of charge.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The meeting of the Republican State Committee, Tuesday, was fully attended by members from all parts of the State. After attending to the business for which it was called, a session was spent in discussing the outlook, and comparing notes. Excellent reports were brought from all parts of the State, and if the enthusiasm which members of the committee expressed was brought from their respective localities, the Republican party is in excellent fighting condition. The members of the committee, for the most part, bring good tidings. Republicans are wide awake and determined to rescue the Commonwealth from the further disgrace of Butlerism. Party men, who have not taken an active part in the campaign, have been attending to enter the contest, and "take off their coats." The members of the committee expressed a determination to attend to the party organization in their respective localities. As a matter of fact, all the work of organization, preliminary to the campaign, has been attended to. Not only do the members of the committee promise a full Republican vote, but they report that quite a number of Republicans who voted for Governor Butler last fall will vote the Republican ticket this year. So far as we have been able to learn, a large amount of work has already been done, and that all the preliminaries of the campaign are being carefully attended to.—*Journal*.

A new kind of strike is in progress at Cape Town. Displeased by the action of the taxing master, the lawyers refuse to conduct cases in court. Naturally enough clients stand agast. Nothing like this has ever before been heard of. Can any provocation be imagined that would lead the legal profession in this country to go on a strike?

Marriages.

In Arlington, July 29, by Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D., Mr. C. W. Bunker and Mrs. Elizabeth E. Swan.

Deaths.

In Arlington, July 31, Mrs. Ann Giennan, aged 50 years.

Special Notice.

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Arlington.

You are hereby invited to appear at the Arlington depot, Wednesday, August 8th, at 8.22 a. m., sharp, armed and equipped to join the army of picnickers en route for Downer Landing, where they will engage in a STRIKE for fun and pleasure (and get it).

P. S.—People will please purchase or order sli-

Philadelphia Ice Cream Co.

HAVE REMOVED TO

171 Tremont Street, Boston,

Where with increased facilities they are supplying Families, Fairs, Festivals Parties, Weddings, Etc.

With their celebrated

ICE CREAM

At Reasonable Rates.

29 Juntf ASA COTTRELL.

HOUSE TO LET IN LEXINGTON.

Containing seven rooms. Pleasantly situated on Main Street.

Enquire of

Wm. Mills & Co., 237 Washington St., Boston.

Personal attention to work in this vicinity will be given by Edwin Mills. Residence Court St., Arlington.

25 May

PLUMBING

Properly Planned and Promptly Performed.

With improved method of ventilation and drainage.

Wm. Mills & Co.,

237 Washington St., Boston.

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25 May

PLEASANT STREET MARKET, ARLINGTON.

WINN & PIERCE,

• DEALERS IN

Provisions and Vegetables

OF ALL KINDS,

BUTTER, CHEESE, LARD, EGGS, ETC., ETC.

Green Corn, Tomatoes, Melons.

Goods delivered in Arlington, Arlington Heights and Belmont, free of charge. Anything not in stock will be furnished at short notice.

Temperance Department.

LET RUM ALONE.

We wish, with malice to none and with charity for all, that we were able to draw the picture of the conduct of a man who, by the open and clandestine use of liquor, has become a spectacle to the gods and an object of pity and aversion to man. And having done this, present the same to the original, and with all the sternness of the old Hebrew prophet thunder in his ear, "Sir, thou art the man." This might even fail in making him "believe and tremble,"—for who can gage the vampire grip of this awful habit, but it would convince him that there was one on earth, at least, that had the courage to show him to his face what others knew and prated about behind his back. Such a man is woefully deceived if he thinks that nobody knows what deceptions he has practiced, both on himself and others; what opportunities for usefulness he has squandered; responsibilities he has shirked; and all through indulgence in this wretched and monstrous habit. To such a man we would say, "for God's sake let rum alone, while yet there is a chance for reformation, and commence by undeceiving your self, as to the awful consequences to which its further use will lead,—if you don't." If such a man saw himself as we see him, in his degradation, he would strangle the habit as he would the life of an asp.

—o—

Dr. Johnson says: Some one writes, "If the selling of liquor is right, give it the advantages of other business pursuits and do not hamper it with the yoke of license. If it is wrong and dangerous to the state in which you live, prohibit it." That it is generally wrong all admit, save dealers. That it is always dangerous and wrong, many claim. Every form of religion condemns it. The well being of the people is the aim of the law. The law of Confucius prohibits it. One of the ten precepts of Buddha is leveled against it. The Koran contains an absolute prohibition of its use. In Turkey a drunkard is called a Christian. The traffic exists anywhere only by special authority; therefore it is evident that it has not anywhere the same rights as other business. Why is it restricted?

For the same reason as the sale of arsenic, strichnine or opium. It is detremental to the public good; it is poisoning. Intoxicating means to poison. Financially it is the greatest burden of the age. The sentiments of centuries condemn it. Anacharsis, the friend of Solon, said, "wine bringeth forth three grapes, one, pleasure; two, drunkenness; three, sorrow." Demosthenes, the Grecian orator, taught "To drink well is the property meet for a sponge, but not for a man." Seneca, grand Roman philosopher, wrote "To suppose it possible for a man to take much wine and retain a right frame of mind is as bad as to argue that he may take poison and not die, or the juice of black poppy and not sleep." St. Augustine declares wine drinking to be the "mother of all mischief; the root of all crimes; the spring of vices; the whirlwind of the brain; the overthrow of the sense; the tempest of the tongue; the ruin of the body; the wreck of chastity; a loss of time; a voluntary rage; a shameful weakness; the shame of life; the stain of honesty; the plague and corruption of the soul." Dr. J. G. Holland says, "I never drink wine nor give it to my guests. Strong drink is the curse of the country and the age. Drink has murdered my best friend, and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance which every honest man should put his heel on." Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the great English statesman, says, "Greater calamities are inflicted upon mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges,—war, pestilence, famine." These testimonials would seem to have come from the same century, but they show the universality of this great black fountain. Edward Morris says of liquor, "It is Satan in solution." Why enforce law? In other words why should men obey law? Law is our foundation. Worcester says, "Law is a rule of civil conduct prescriptive by the supreme power of a state." Who agrees to abide by it? Americans do so by birth; Irishmen and Germans do by adoption; the judge by his oath of office; the policeman by his assuming the position of authority under it; the citizen, in aim of the well being of the state, in obedience to its supreme power; that supreme power in Massachusetts authorized you to declare the traffic a nuisance. You did so declare, yet the nuisance exists, and what is its character? What does this traffic do? Dr. Holland answered, "It has murdered my friend, it snarest the soul, it ruins the body." Perhaps not your son, but some mother's bairn. True, but what have I to do about it? Am I my brother's keeper? Yes; if the law is violated, my brother man is its victim, and I can save that victim by the enforcement of the law. Why should we enforce the law restricting this traffic? 1st, because it is law; 2d, to prove that it has teeth to destroy; 3d, to disgrace the traffic by exposure; 4th, to show who it is that refuses obedience to the supreme will of the state; 6th, to prevent apathy of victims, apathy of youth, apathy of parents, apathy of voters; 7th, to prevent fostering and creating appetites; 8th, because sober, industrious, intelligent, honest men must support the crime, pauperism, and insanity it makes. Appetite will die only by cutting off the supply. The

A Parisian lady was recently arrested for drunkenness. In defence she said that she read that the surest way of preserving furs from the ravages of moths was to stow them away in an empty spirit cask. She accordingly purchased one and confided to her cloak. The weather being chilly she required the garment, and upon wearing, the alcoholic fumes produced intoxication. She was acquitted.

Inventors requiring the services of reliable patent attorneys, soldiers entitled to back pay or bounties, and other parties having claims in any of the Departments or before Congress, will find it for their interest to correspond with Presbrey & Green, 529 7th street, Washington, D. C.

Vegetine
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER

Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.

CINCINNATI, O.
H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have received great benefit from the use of the Vegetine, and can safely recommend it for *Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head, and a general blood purifier.* It has also been used by other members of my family for *Liver and Kidney Complaints.*

Mrs. A. C. ULRICH,
200 Baymiller St.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Boston, Mass.

Mr. H. R. Stevens—Dear Sir: I have been using Vegetine for some time with the greatest satisfaction, and can highly recommend it as a great cleanser and purifier of the blood.

J. L. HANNAFORD,
Pastor of Egleston Square M. E. Church.

A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS.

I testify to the beneficial effects of VEGETINE, as used in my family for the past six years. We consider it invaluable as a blood medicine for both children and adults, and endeavor to always keep a supply at hand.

Yours, &c., C. A. JACKSON,
Business Manager South Boston Inquirer

Vegetine
IS THE BEST
SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

JAMES PYLE'S

PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction.

No family, rich or poor should be without it.

Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the

ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and

always bears the above symbol, and name of

JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

FASHIONABLE GOODS.

LATEST IMPORTATIONS.

NEW STYLES.

FRANK J. ROGERS,

Merchant Tailor

Merrifield's Building,

Would call attention to his stock of Snuffings,

selected with great care and storing a larger

stock than ever before shown here. Garment

cutting the latest style, made up in the best man-

ner under personal supervision, and warranted

to fit in every case.

Call and examine the new goods.

AND STILL
Another Great Reduction

—IN—

CARPETS.

We have taken from our Wholesale Wareroom

250 ROLLS

—OF—

TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,

Which we shall sell, with borders to match, at

the lowest price ever offered, viz.

60c a yard.

These are very much better patterns and quality than the goods that have been sold for \$2 1/2 and \$5c. Don't fail to look at them if you want a carpet. We have a view of the

3-PLY CARPETS

Left at 9c. All wool, new patterns, and perfect goods.

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Court and Hanover Sts., Boston.

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PARASOLS,

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HAMMOCKS,

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Hosiery, Gloves, Bathing Caps,

Ladies' and Childrens' Shade Hats

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DRY AND FANCY GOODS

to be found anywhere

Please to remember we are the only

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Chelsea Dye House, and

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AGENT COAL!

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COALS, WOOD, HAY,

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YARDS AND OFFICES:

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22June-3w

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Tabe board can be accommodated by Mrs. Whitmore, corner of Arlington Avenue and Water streets, Arlington. Terms reasonable.

Call and examine the new goods.

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JOB PRINTING

DEPARTMENT,

furnished with a stock of plain and fancy job type, which enables us to do any sort of work

As our machinery is run by power, we can compete with Boston establishments in the speed with which we can print, and the character of work furnished our customers in the past is the best guarantee of what we shall be likely to do in the future. Anything from the most elaborate book, blank or poster work to the smallest address card, can now be printed in this office in a manner to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious. New type will be added from time to time as new styles make their appearance, in order to keep pace with the advance made by the type founders, and thus maintain our job printing office in the very front rank.

Neatly, Quickly and Cheaply.

As our machinery is run by power, we can compete with Boston establishments in the speed with which we can print, and the character of work furnished our customers in the past is the best guarantee of what we shall be likely to do in the future. Anything from the most elaborate book, blank or poster work to the smallest address card, can now be printed in this office in a manner to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious. New type will be added from time to time as new styles make their appearance, in order to keep pace with the advance made by the type founders, and thus maintain our job printing office in the very front rank.

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THE GOOD OLD WAY.

John Man had a wife who was kind and true—
A wife who loved him well;
She cared for his home and their only child;
But if the truth must tell,
She fretted and pined because John was poor.
And his business was slow to pay;
But he only said, when she talked of change,
"We'll stick to the good old way."

She saw her neighbors were growing rich,
And dwelling in houses grand;
That she was living in poverty,
With wealth on every hand;
And she urged her husband to speculate,
To risk his earnings at play;
But he only said, "My dearest wife,
We'll stick to the good old way."

For he knew that the money that's quickly
got
Is the money that's quickly lost;
And the money that stays is the money
earned.

At honest end saw's o'to:
So he plodded along in his honest sty,
And he bettered himself each day;
And he only said to his fretful wife,
"We'll stick to the good old way."
And at last there came a terrible crash,
When beggary, want and shame
Came down on the names of their wealthy
friends.
While John's remained the same;
For he had no debts and gave no trust.
"My motto is this," he'd say—
"It's a charm against panics of every kind—
'Tis 'Stick to the good old way.'"
And his wife looked 'round on the little
house.
That was every nail their own.
And she asked forgiveness of honest John
For the peevish mistress she had shown;
But he only said, as her tearful face
Upon his shoulder lay,
"The good old way is the best way, wife—
We'll stick to the good old way."

THE LIVING BARRIER.

It was a pretty sight to see old Uncle Jim, as he was called by every one who traveled the northern trail, sitting in front of his house in the afternoon in his great cane-bottomed chair, with Aunt Polly alongside of him in hers, the two holding each other's hand in the most unaffected and simple way.

Uncle Jim kept the station at Indian Well, and his house—as the rail was a great thoroughfare—was generally full in the evenings with freighters, packers, "bull punchers," and those traveling for business or pleasure.

Outside the house his dominion was complete, but inside Aunt Polly was absolute, for as he said: "Polly 'n me 'greed to split up th' bossin', an' I never interferes; neither does she. It conduces to peace, don't it, ole woman?"

It needed but a glance to see that nothing of this kind was necessary to keep peace between these two, for if ever there was a couple who lived for each other it was that one.

Every afternoon Uncle Jim would take his seat outside and light his pipe, soon to be joined by Aunt Polly, and there the two would sit, hand in hand, looking out at the beautiful scenery of Bald Peak canon. If any one was there Uncle Jim would tell stories, while Aunt Polly listened, lighting a match for him if his pipe went out, and when called upon giving her testimony to his statements in her soft voice and gentle way. I used to think the sight a beautiful one, and I was never tired of watching them.

A story which Uncle Jim was never tired of telling was that of his courtship. When he was young he had lived on the border, and had there wood and won his pretty bride, for Aunt Polly must have been very beautiful when she was young, judging from her face when I saw her. Often as he told it, Aunt Polly never failed to slightly blush and remonstrate at one point, and as invariably Uncle Jim would chuckle and then gravely ask her pardon. But the story itself will be more interesting than my talking about how it was told.

"Long back in th' forties I were ez strapping a young feller ez you c'd find on th' border tho' I do say it myself, ez arter wait fur others to say such a thing. In them days the border line were th' western edge of Ioway, an' my ol' father, Elder Richard Johnson, had moved out a little beyond th' most of the settlers. In fac' ther' we're on'y one famly further than our, and that were the Beekmans. My Polly's father we're a curious kinder chap, an' he b'lieved of he we're nearer than thirty mile to any one he we're bein' desirer crowded. 'N them days I used to farm a leetle an' hunt consider'ble, fur th' hilly country we're full o' game. We didn't make no count at all of wild turkey nor prairie chicks, an' deer we're the smallest things we thought wuth givin' any one. 'N the course o' my hunts I came 'cross the Beekman's cabin, an' had a talk with th' ol' man.

"N course he 'vited me in, an' that I met my Polly fur th' first time. She's kinder old, boys, now, but you arter ha' seen her then. She we're th' prettiest gal that ar' section of country, an' t' my eyes th' prettiest I ever see. T' me she ez pretty ez ever, ain't you, ol' woman?"

And Uncle Jim gave Aunt Polly's hand a most perceptible squeeze.

"Arter that ar' first visit I used to go thar party regler. I allus 'lowed fur to take some game with me ez a present to Polly's mother, an' t' kinder keep th' ol' man quiet, fur he was monstrous fond of talkin' bout th' degeneracy of th' boys; an' I used to think if he looked down on us that ar' way he'd kinder think I weren't fit to be Polly; an' fur a fac' I weren't, nor no other man ever wot."

"Now, Jim," said Aunt Polly, warningly.

"All right, my dear! Th' fac' air, boys, Polly never w'u'd 'gree t' that statement. I've allus thought she kinder hankeral arter Pete Barton's the sto'keeper, and sorter 'grettet she didn't take him."

And Uncle Jim laughed until we all laughed, out of pure sympathy, Aunt Polly as loudly as any one.

"Wa'al," said the old man, wiping his eyes, "I used to go t' th' Beckmans ez much ez I c'd; an' I cottoned up t' Polly monstrous strong, but somehow I never c'd tell her how I keered fur her. I wer' kinder scared-like, an' I used to hope ez she'd sorter make the fast move. Mind you, Polly wer' lovin' me th' hull time, but she never let on, an' I hadn't the savez of a mewl in th' matter. I used t' sit thar an' talk 'bout th' weather, an' th' crops, an' shootin', an' then go outside an' blame myself fur a fool, cause I hadn't said nothin' special t' her. I used t' make up talks fur t' say; but bless ye, when I got long of Polly I disremembered 'em totally.

"One day I wer' in the wood, long with father, an' th' two of us wer' cuttin' trees. Fell'n a small saplin', it broke sudden, an' fallin' hit me on the shoulder. I wer' consider'ble bruised-like, ez you may think, an' I went to bed when I got home, an' stayed thar. It wer' my left shoulder ez wer' hurt, an' it swelled up monstrously.

"The second day—I'll never forget that time as long ez I live—a man came inter our house on his way t' th' fort—o' Fort Benton. He told, after supper, 'bout rumors ez th' Blackfeet wer' on th' war-path, an' said he was goin' to warn th' people.

"Arter they all went to sleep I lay thar, an' I c'dn't get th' story outer my head. I s'pose it wer' th' pain of my shoulder ez much as anything, but I didn't seem to sleep. Finally I dropped off, an' I dreamed ez how th' redskins wer' takin' Polly's cabin. I woke up all of a start, an' in a cold sweat. That dream fixed me.

"I got up an' stole out quiet, not wakin' any one, to th' stable. Thar I saddled my critter, an' rode out into th' moonlight. Ez you may think, I headed straight fur old Beekman's place, an' ez my host wer' a good one, I didn't spare spur ridin'. Now you b'lieve that ar' ride hurt my arm. Why, boys, I declar I thought I'd faint afore I got that."

And Uncle Jim rubbed his shoulder. When he put his hand down Aunt Polly bent and kissed it.

"When I reached th' house it wer' bout 6 o'clock 'n th' morning, an' thar 'n th' front yard I seen Polly feedin' chickens. If you'll b'lieve me, when I got that I got kinder 'shamed, an' if I c'd have gone back I w'u'd.

"It seemed sorter foolish fur t' come that way, an' with a story that didn't really mount to much ez it stood.

"S'pose ther' weren't no raid, what w'u'd I have said, frightenin' them people into fits? However, Polly seen me an' hailed me, so I c'dn't go back then.

"I rode up an' got off. The first thing I hear wer' th' old man an' his wife hal' gone to Brownville, leavin' Polly an' the four young uns t' keep house. I had some breakfast, an' then sat down to smoke.

"Polly found out somehow 'bout my arm, an' she took on drefful; raily, hearin' her, I didn't think it hurt half so much. She sisted on my sittin' still an' lettin' Tom Beekman, her brother—a slip 'bout ten—feed my hoss, which Tom, who had a kind of admiration fur me, wer' willin' enough to do.

"I didn't let on 'bout th' Blackfeet, but I sorter warned Tom to keep nigh the house, an' I kept him by tellin' stories.

"EZ the day wore on, I got mo' an' mo' narvous, till 'bout 4 o'clock I up an' telled Polly the hull story. She got kinder white 'bout th' cheeks—didn't ye, ol' lady?—an' her eyes got big like.

"But she didn't finch, not a mite. I reckon I loved her better then nor I did before. She asked what to do, an' I told her honest ther' wer' nothin' to do 'cept wait, an' mebbe the reds w'u'd come, an' mebbe her dad 'ud get back.

"The house wer' a log-cabin, fast rust fur fightin' in, 'cause old Beekman wer' too old a borderman not to make his house a regler fort. That night Polly an' the young uns went to bed, an' I sat up.

"Now, mind ye, I hadn't said a word to Polly yet, but things wer' gettin' kinder easier, ez it wer'. I went to sleep 'bout three, leavin' Tom on watch. I guess it wer' 'most 8 o'clock when he waked me up, an' said:

"Jim, thar's somethin' movin' long th' edge of th' clearin'!"

"I got up an' looked out, an' sure enuff, I seen a head, with a feather on it, just over a bush. In course I knowned th' Injuns had come, an' ez you'll b'lieve me, my heart sorter sank down. I never felt skeered afore, 'cept of course with Polly, an' I knowes it out. I wer' sick with my arm all till it wer' all over."

"Jim stood up th' in front of us," broke in Aunt Polly, with kindling eyes, "an' it seemed to me ez if he got bigger. He swung that ax round his head ez if it wer' a reed. Just beyond him wer' the howling crowd of savages, leapin' at him like wolves, and yellin' ez only Injuns can yell. I could see them by the firelight. Between them and us stood Jim, an' they never got past him. I tell you it wer' a grand sight! It seemed to me ez th' I was ez safe ez ever I was, an' I felt sure Jim w'u'dn't get hurt. I knowed he w'u'dn't!"

"Th' old lady allus gets a leetle off her head 'bout that fight," said Uncle Jim, with a glance full cr' affection at his wife; "but it wer' a grand one, that's a fac'. I dunno how long it lasted; it mout have bin a minute, an' it mout have bin an hour fur all I c'd tell. At last the reds broke an' run, leavin' a pile of 'mlyn' at that doorstep. We got up th' door agin, an' arter they let us alone for the night. Next morning, 'bout seven, a lot of men come an' the Injuns got out. I wer' sick with my arm fur a long time, but Polly, she sisted on our bein' married so she c'dn't nuss me, an' we wer'." When I got well we givin' a party, an' a high old time we had. Since then we've had our easy times an' hard times, but take it all round and we've lived pretty well. An' th' best of it all is that we've never had no trouble between us, has we, Polly?" and Uncle Jim looked at his wife.

"No, dear, never a bit," was the gentle answer from Aunt Polly.—*Alfred Batch.*

"He Did Not Hear It.

Johnny Fizzletop had been over to the house of a neighbor, Colonel Percy Yerger.

"Well, Johnny," asked Major Fizzletop, "did you have a nice time over at Colonel Yerger's?"

"Oh, yes, I had a nice time, and pa, they are going to have cabbage for dinner."

"Haven't I told you forty times that you must never repeat what you have heard at people's houses?"

"But, pa, I didn't hear anything about the cabbage, I smelled it with my nose."—*Sayings.*

"Ex-Governor Stanford, of California,

the state's highest officers and ad-

visers; still lower the twelve apostles,

and then banks of seats for the bish-

ops. Large waterbuts for baptismal

purposes stand on either side of the

platform. There is no regular preacher,

but any member whom the spirit

moves gets up and exhorts. The

acoustic properties of this enormous

chamber are simply marvelous. The

balcony is a gigantic whispering gal-

lery, and the winding-up of a watch or

the dropping of an ordinary pin into a

stiff hat at one end of the building can

be distinctly heard at the other, 250

feet away.

Immediately across the street from

the temple is the titheing yard, a piece

of ground of several acres in extent,

scattered here and there with build-

ings for the storage of produce and the

keeping of live stock. All good Mor-

mons are required to pay, in addition

to territorial and city taxes, one-tenth

of each year's produce to the church,

and it is usually paid in kind. Wagons

bringing in fruit, hay, corn, straw,

oats, cattle, sheep, pigs, etc., are con-

stantly arrivin'. Each class of produ-

ce is received by a special elder, who

has charge of its storage and subse-

quent sale. One great industry is the

manufacture of salt, which is obtained

by flooding the meadows with the

waters of the lake. This is so strongly

impregnated that from every five gal-

lons of water one gallon of salt is ob-

tained. This proportion is considerably

in excess of that of the waters of the

Dead Sea.—*New York Star.*

HOME OF THE MORMONS.

CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST IN SALT LAKE CITY DESCRIBED.

How the Mormon Capital is Situated.—Its Tabernacle and Its Temple—The System of Tithing and its Working.

From Ogden, Utah, to Salt Lake City by rail is a distance of about sixty miles, and the ride, except for an occasional glimpse of the Great Salt Lake, is uninteresting. The track runs through an arid, level plain, strongly impregnated with salt and alkali. On the east lie some spurs of the Rockies, and on the west the white waters of the sea of death. No natural vegetation, except the irrepressible sagebrush, grows in this plain, but where artificial irrigation has been thoroughly practiced excellent farms relieve the terrible monotony of white earth and green-gray brush. The road is always several miles from the shores of the lake, and Salt Lake City itself is over fifteen miles from the nearest indentation of its waters. At one point, only a short distance from the city, the train passes within a few yards of some hot sulphur springs, the water of which is perfectly green in color and rises at a temperature of a little over 200 degrees. Rounding the point the traveler comes within sight of the Wasatch range of mountains, which lie a few miles to the south of the city, and in a brief time the great domed roof of the Tabernacle and the gleaming white walls of the new temple appear.

It is cu-ton ary to hear a good deal about the beauty of Salt Lake City's buildings and its noble streets, with their rivulets and clear mountain water running on either side. The beauty of the buildings I was unable to discover. The one principal business street has some substantial brick and stone stores, but by no means superior to those that are to be found in the average Western city of from 25,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. The water is certainly there, but as it is confined in narrow sluice-boxes of wood which have grown stained and discolored, its clearness is not strikingly apparent. Formerly the citizens drew their supply for daily needs from these troughs, but now there is a pressure force in all the more important streets, and the open water goes down to the valleys to supply the farms and do the needed irrigation, without a thorough system of which no farming is possible in this district. A city ordinance makes it a punishable offense to throw anything, even a piece of paper, into these streams.

If the city is not specially beautiful in itself, its establishment and growth in a little more than thirty years are really marvelous. Probably no more unpromising site was ever selected, and the choice was made with the belief that no one would dispute the possession of such worthless land. It would apparently grow nothing but the everlasting sage brush, which so wearis the eyes of the travelers of the great American desert, and which even a jackass will refuse to eat. There was no river, and the distant lake afforded no outlet for their productions. Yet to-day the country for thirty miles southwest of the city presents a succession of splendidly-worked farms, and the fruits, especially apples and plums, grown there have become famous. The first step was, of course, the procuring of water, and this was brought from City canon, a distance of between four and five miles from the site of the town. The melting snows and natural springs in this and other canons still constitute the city's source of supply.

The first settlers, on their long pilgrimage across the plains, after having been driven from Illinois, debouched upon the ground where the city now stands, through what is called Emigrant canon. This affords some of the most beautiful scenery in the Territory; for while the rocky passes have not the majestic height of the Echo and Weber canons of the Rockies, they have the charm of wooded verdure, and in the narrow valley, sometimes level with the road and at others more than 100 feet below it, nestle snug little farms and pretty cottages. In the latter, however, the trained eye of the observer of Mormon customs can see the curse of the system—plurality of wives. The style of the cottage, with its various doors of entrance, will tell how many wives the owner rejoices in. The wealthy Mormon provides a separate house for each wife; the less prosperous divides his house into different portions, each distinct, and having its own door of entrance. Only the very poorest expect the wives to live together, and this is rarely done when there are more than two or three.

The Tabernacle and the Temple have before been briefly alluded to as the most important buildings in the city. The former was constructed from the designs of the late Brigham Young. It is oval in form, with a length of 250 feet by a width of 150, and has a domed-shaped roof entirely without central support. This is unquestionably the largest unsupported roof in the world. It is constructed of girder iron, and is eight feet thick. The total seating capacity of the building is 15,000, two-thirds of whom are accommodated on the ground floor, on plain wooden benches. There is no decoration whatever to the building, except some festoons of evergreens which have been up for nearly

SEASIDE LETTER.

ASBURY PARK, Aug. 1, 1883.
Your correspondent has taken a run down here for a little sea air and will indulge a few lines as an echo from the "sad sea waves." 'Tis good to lay off the harness—shift the load from weary shoulders—and walk over new pathways. Editors, correspondents, saints, sinners, man and beast, all need the abandon, the letting off of the pressure, the restfulness that new scenes and associations bring to tired humanity during the summer solstice, in the mountains or by the murmuring sea. In this age of telephones, telegraphs, cheap postage, rapid transit and lightning trains, Americans are under a business pressure, in ten months of the year, ten-fold greater than that of our fathers fifty years ago. In these days the thoughts of yesterday are forged into grand improvements to-day, and the work of human hands are superceded by the accelerated energies of machinery. With this condition of things and the growing accumulation of wealth it is not strange that business in all the great centres should be absolutely suspended during the heated term.

The growth of this American idea has converted the barren sands of the Jersey coast for its entire length into seaside resorts, where tens of thousands of the gay and wealthy are domiciled in tents, cottages and hotels. In 1869 Asbury Park was a sandy desert without a solitary house or a single inhabitant. The property was assessed at about \$15,000. Thirteen years have wrought a marvelous change. There are near one thousand elegant cottages and many large and convenient summer hotels. Its present assessed valuation is over \$1,000,000. Ocean Grove, near by and separated from Asbury Park by a beautiful lake, is the great gathering place of the Methodist denomination. The fourth reunion of the Sanitary and Christian commission and the chaplains of the Confederate and Union armies have been in session for four days in the great auditorium at Ocean Grove. A very large number of the old guard still living were present, and the rehearsal of scenes and incidents of the battlefield, the hospital and the camp, elicited the deepest interest on the part of the great crowd of listeners. Many of the living never can know how much is due to the noble band of men and women, who, under the head of that great hearted philanthropist and Christian, George H. Stuart, Esq., of Philadelphia, were banded together under the name of the Christian Commission, which sent 5000 delegates to the battle-fields to be distributed to the sick, wounded and dying, of the delicacies and necessities given in such marvelous quantities by the warm-hearted, open-handed people of the north. This commission secured over \$600,000 in value that was given to the soldiers to supplement the work the government was trying as best it could to do. Let us long remember the noble band of men and women who came to the government's relief, as ministers of mercy to her sick, wounded and dying soldiers.

The student of human nature can have no more fertile field for study than the seaside. Here are found specimens of all classes, from the highest culture to the most unintelligent. The man of shoddy, the too utterly dode, and the thoughtless pleasure seeker jostle each other in the great throng that promenades the beach at twilight to the music of the rolling surf, or if he seeks to come into closer contact with humanity, the bathing hour will give him an opportunity to discover how diversified the anatomy of the human race really is. A wonderful change is effected, both in fleshly and thin people, by a few moments spent in the bath houses in stripping and dressing for an hour's sport in the rolling surf. Thin people are invariably timid, and go with a hesitating step into the water, and the first approach of the surf, if it does not take them off their feet, elicits a screech of terror. To a fat, jolly, whole souled woman, sea bathing is most exhilarating. Physical deformities, fat or anti-fat, are all forgotten and never count among bathers. Everybody is expected to furnish their share of the fun, and the little dump of a woman and her friend, the tall spinster that looks like a pair of tongs attired in a bathing suit, are there for a good time, and the other thousand who are disporting like porpoises in the surf, furnish any amount of fun to the crowd upon the beach, who watch with intense interest the pranks of the bathers. There is nothing like the exhilaration of sea air as an appetizer. Dyspeptics who growl and grumble at home will here become regular gormandizers. It certainly is a poor place for doctors, but is a bonanza field for butchers, bakers and hucksters.

The assertion made by a "non-church-goer" in the last North American Review, that, "in these days only a small proportion of intelligent and eminently respectable people are regular attendants upon religious services on Sunday," is so often made and so seldom contradicted that it has begun to pass current as an axiomatic fact; and it does one good to see it so vigorously taken up and its falsity so conclusively demonstrated as it is by Dr. W. H. Ward's paper which follows. Dr. Ward has studied the census to good effect. He shows that of the fifty millions of people in the United States, five millions, probably representing thirty millions of churchgoers, are communists in Protestant churches; that in 1860 the communicants were

seven per cent. of the entire population and they are now twenty per cent.; that while the population has increased ninefold, the evangelical communicants have increased twenty-seven fold; that is, the increase in church membership has been three times as much as even the almost miraculous increase in the population; that if the country has reason to be jubilant and grateful for its marvelous growth, the evangelical churches have three times as much reason to be jubilant and grateful for their growth. He then goes on to assert—for this cannot be made a matter of statistical demonstration—that the church going population represents the best part of the population, while "it is the saloon and grogery population which supplies the larger part of non churchgoers;" he at once illustrates and enforces this position by calling for a roll of scientific men, that we may see for ourselves how few range themselves on the side of infidelity and how many on the side of organized Christianity; and he closes his article by a paragraph showing that the growth of the church in our own land is only part of that of the Christian churches in all lands: "Christian nations ruled two hundred millions of people at the beginning of this century. Now they rule six hundred and eighty-five millions." We have rarely seen—never in so small a space—so large and true an outlook over the world and the church; and we recommend it to the careful perusal both of shouting infidels and wailing believers.—*Christian Union.*

This office is splendidly stocked with job printing type.

TERrible SUFFERING.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints of Many Years Duration.—His Word Good as Gold.—Case of City Assessor Francis Gomard, 89 Summer St., Lowell, Mass.

"His word is as good as a bank note at any bank in Lowell, and I know it," was the opinion of a well known citizen, in speaking of City Assessor Francis Gomard. Your reporter found Mr. Gomard at his pleasant home, which, with many others, adorns Summer street and fronts the charming park of South Common. Mr. Gomard said:—"I have been, as many of my friends know, a great sufferer from kidney and urinary trouble for a long time. My physician said it was the result of diseased kidneys and enlargement of the prostate gland. I had suffered much from the physician's treatment and had been the best which this city afforded, I got no better. I said finally, 'Doctor, it's no use. You have done all that is in your power to do, I know that; but I must get help from some other source or die.' Finally I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY. It is a medicine which has been recommended very highly for kidney diseases. I received help at once. It has acted like a charm with me. Why so? Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is an honest preparation, and I know it. I didn't think anything would help me, but this gave me better health than any medicine ever prescribed for me. I have recommended it to many of my friends, and it has been well received with the same result. They think there is nothing like Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY."

What Mr. Gomard says can be depended upon as say one acquainted with the gentleman knows.

ARLINGTON**Minature Directory, 1883.****TOWN OFFICERS.**

Selectmen, Overseers of Poor, etc.—Alonzo W. Damon, Henry J. Locke, Samuel E. Kimball.

Town Clerk, Treasurer and Collector.—B. Delmont Locke. Office at Town Hall. Office hours from 8 to 12; from 2 to 6. Open evenings, Wednesdays excepted.

School Committee.—Dr. Wm. A. Winn, Chairman; C. E. Goodwin, secretary; Timothy O'Leary, Henry Swan, William E. Wood, Rev. C. H. Watson, Rev. Matthew Harkins, A. Willard Damon, Rev. E. B. Mason, D. D.

Library Committee.—James P. Parmenter, John T. Trowbridge, Richard L. Hodgdon.

Water Commissioners.—Henry Mott, Samuel E. Kimball, Warren Rawson.

Water Registrar, B. Delmont Locke; Supt. of Works, Geo. W. Austin, office at Town Hall.

Superintendent of Streets, G. W. Austin.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Charles Gott, Chief Engineer. George A. Stearns, William Gibson, Assts. Meet last Saturday evening before last Monday in each month.

HIGHLAND HOSE, NO. 2.

Foreman, Matthew Rowe 2d; Clerk, John Meade; treasurer, Geo. H. Hill; steward, John Nolan. Meet the second Tuesday in each month.

WM. PENN HOSE NO. 3.

Foreman, Wm. O. Austin; 1st asst. Frank P. Whnn; clerk, N. Whittier; treasurer, Warren A. Peirce; steward, Charles E. Bacon. Meet third Tuesday in each month.

MENOTOMY H. AND L. TRUCK.

Foreman, John Butler; clerk, John Splan; steward, Wm. Sweeney. Meet second Tuesday of each month.

POLICE OFFICERS.

John H. Hartwell, chief. Patrick J. Shean. Garret Barry.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Town Hall building.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

ARLINGTON 5 CT. SAV. BANK.

Albert Winn, President.

The offices are in Bank Building, corner of Arlington Avenue and Pleasant Street, and are open for business Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings, after three o'clock. Abel R. Proctor, Secretary.

CHURCHES.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Watson, Pastor.

Wendell E. Richardson, supt. of S. S. H. Chamberlin, assistant. John F. Allen, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Preaching service at 10:45. Sunday School at noon; evening service at 7 o'clock.

FIRST PARISH—UNITARIAN.

Rev. J. P. Forbes, Pastor.

Sunday School at 9:30, H. H. Ceiley, superintendent; preaching service at 10:45.

ST. JOHN'S—EPISCOPAL.

Rev. C. M. Addison, Rector.

Morning prayer and sermon 10:30; evening prayer and sermon 7:30; Sunday School at noon; Thos. B. Cotter, supt.; James Wilson, librarian.

PEASANT STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

Rev. E. B. Mason, D.D., Pastor.

Myron Taylor, Superintendent of Sunday School; Charles S. Parker, assistant; Edm. W. Noyes, secretary. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon; services in the evening at 7:30 o'clock; Young Peoples' meeting at 6:30.

ST. MALACHY—CATHOLIC.

Rev. Mathew Harkins, Pastor.

Rev. James J. O'Brien and Rev. J. W. Gallagher, Assistants. Low mass at 8 o'clock; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 4 p.m. Sunday school at 2:45, under the care of pastor and assistants.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, superintendent of S. S. Henry Swan, Miss L. J. Russell, assistants, Secretary, Miss Nellie Marston, Treasurer. Charles S. Richardson. Preaching service at 10:45; Sunday School at noon.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Union Hall, Arlington Heights. Rev. Frank I. Fisher, Pastor.

Preaching at 10:45 a.m.; Praise service at 7 p.m.; Sunday School at noon. Geo. V. Young, superintendent. Austin Sylvester, secretary and treasurer. Henry A. Kiader, librarian.

SOCIETIES.

Hiram Lodge, F. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before full moon each month. Edm. W. Noyes, W. M. Secretary, L. D. Bradley. Treasurer, George D. Tufts.

Menotomy Royal Arch Chapter. Meets in Masonic Hall, second Tuesday of each month. Charles H. Prentiss, H. P. Secretary, Joseph W. Whitaker. Treasurer, Wilson W. Fay.

Bethel Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F. Meets in Bank Building, corner Arlington Avenue and Pleasant street, every Wednesday evening. G. P. Peirce, N. G. Secretary, Chas. S. Richardson. Treasurer, William L. Clark.

Arlington Lodge, No. 584, K. of H. Meets in Reynolds Hall, second and fourth Mondays of each month. John H. Hardy, Dict. Reporter, I. O. Carter. Treasurer, R. W. Shattuck.

Frances Gould Post 36, G. A. R. Meet in Bethel Lodge room, Bank Building, second and fourth Thursdays of each month. John H. Hardy, Com. Adj't, C. S. Parker. Q. M. James A. Marden.

Broadway, opposite Winter St., P. O. Box 317. Arlington, Mass.

Ancient Order Hibernians. Meet in Hibernian Hall (old Adams School house), first Tuesday in each month, at eight o'clock, p.m. President, Patrick Corrigan. Timothy Shean, secretary. John McGrath, treasurer.

Ponemah Tribe, No. 9, Improved Order of Red Men. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, every Friday evening. James Durgin, Prophet; Wm. J. Dinsmore, Sachem; Albert E. Cotton, Chief of Records.

Robert Emmet Land League. Meet in Hibernian Hall the first and third Tuesdays in each month. Timothy O'Leary, president. Secretary, Charles T. Scannell. Treasurer, Matthew Rowe.

Mt. Horeb Lodge, No. 19, Order of American Orangemen. Meet in Menotomy Hall, Arlington Avenue, first and third Mondays of each month. Thomas Roden, W. M.; Geo. Reynolds, D. M.; W. J. Dinsmore, secretary; James Durgin, treasurer.

Catholic T. A. & B. Society. Meet in vestry of St. Malachy church first Sunday in each month. P. H. Byron, president. Secretary, John H. Byron. Treasurer, Michael E. O'Leary.

Arlington W. C. T. Union. Meet once in two weeks, on Friday, at the church, alternating. Mrs. J. A. Bassett, president. Secretary, Mrs. Geo. C. Whittemore. Treasurer, Mrs. S. Stickney.

Cotting High School Alumni Association. Edgar Crosby, president. Secretary and treasurer, George H. Cutter.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.

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